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—THE
BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuritis.
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For Intermittent Fevers, Lassaute, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
Beware of cheap imitations. The name and colored red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALBERT B. TAVEL
HAS NOW IN STOCK A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

BLANK BOOKS,
Invoice and Letter Books, Letter Presses, Gold and Steel Pens, and
STATIONERY GENERALLY.
All of which will be sold at Moderate Prices at 149 Union Street,
Nashville, Tenn.

HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rear Room over Plaster Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
(17 Jan 1-86)

Edward Laurent.
ARCHITECT
No. 24 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 1-85

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's Store,
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan 2-85-17

JAS. HARGRAVES'
BARBER SHOP
RUSSELLVILLE, ST.
Taylor's New Building.
Where he would be glad to wait upon all who call on him.

COOK & RICE,
PREMIUM LAGER BEER
CITY BREWERY.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
No. 214, upper seventh St.
Sep 20-85.

GRAY & YOUNG'S
Shaving Bazar
IS ON MAIN STREET, NEXT TO HOOSER & OVERSHINER'S.

They would be pleased to wait on all who may call on them.

Did you Sup-
pose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

A Clear Skin
is only a part of beauty, but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm like freshens and beautifies.

SELF-MADE MEN.



Col. Richard Hieronymus Olland, The Retired Dramatic Star.

We now come to a gentleman in this series of sketches of whom it is more than a pleasure to write. If other self-made men of Hopkinsville have achieved success, what can be said of the hero whose life-like portrait embellishes the head of this article? It is almost with awe that we approach the subject of this sketch, whose greatness and goodness dazzle the eyes of ordinary mortals like the rays of the noonday sun. But truth must be told and history must be recorded, be the characters on the stage of action ever so grand and conspicuous.

Richard Hieronymus Olland was born of wealthy but honest parents and first saw the light of day in Christian County Ky. He grew up like most of his playmates, with stout-bronzed on his face, nails kicked off his toes and boots located on various parts of his anatomy. He played marbles on Sunday, ran away from school, smoked paper cigarettes and followed in the long line of vices for which "Young America" is noted. It was not until he began to wear suspenders that he began to overshadow his companions in those things that stamp greatness on mankind. At the age of twelve years he ran off with a circus and was made one of the attractions of the museum, labeled "The boy who could not tell a lie." After remaining with the show for a couple of years he quit with the rank of Colonel and joined a minstrel company. He worked his way up from assistant supe to the exact position of cond man. It was a proud day for our young hero when he had reached this high degree and at the age of 21 years started out on his first starring tour. It is with pain that we pen the words that follow, but misfortunes are liable to overtake us all, even when least expected. Col. Olland's career as an end man was speedily brought to an abrupt close and he was covered with shame and humiliation. He was caught in the very act of perpetrating an original joke and fired on the spot by the trape manager. Although he pleaded with tears in his eyes for forgiveness, the manager was inexorable and would not overlook an offense that had never before been committed in the whole history of minstrelsy. The offender was thereupon discharged, but his indignant friends and admirers took up a collection on the spot and presented him with a purse of \$20,000, with which Col. Olland determined to erect a magnificent Opera House in Hopkinsville. This grand and imposing structure was completed in 1882 and opened with an entertainment for the benefit of the gas company. Col. Olland, desiring to impress his own originality upon the building and at the same time to cater to the love for music, had the office surmounted with a mammoth lyre, which still remains to puzzle the public. By his judicious management, Col. Olland has made a large fortune out of his investment, but as an evidence that he possesses the elements of modesty in his nature he unostentatiously conducts a billiard room and small cigar stand in one of the rooms of his Opera House.

Our hero is a man of undaunted courage and will fight anything from a buzz saw to a wild and untamed tiger. Not long ago he unfortunately found it necessary to strike a man who had called him a liar. It was with the greatest reluctance that Col. Olland assaulted the poor fellow, but he valued his honor too highly to allow the insult to go unresented and so he struck the unfortunate fellow real hard three consecutive times. For this offense he was tried and sentenced to spend thirteen hours in Guthrie, but the verdict was set aside on the ground of excessive punishment. Col. Olland is still in his prime and bids fair to live many years longer, notwithstanding there is an old adage that says "the good die young." He is a great ladies' man and is never happier than when in the company of some fair and fascinating belle. In our next we will narrate the principal events in the life of Col. Generous Edward Gayther, the Millionaire Drug King.

SPICE.

Misery—A girl with a new dress and no place to go.—[Marathon Independent. More misery—A girl without a new dress, and some place to go.—[Merchant Traveler. Additional misery—A girl with a new dress and some place to go, and no "feller" to go with her.—This and That.

A Connecticut School Board has voted not to employ any schoolman who will not agree to remain single for a year. This is "to prevent love-sick young ladies from taking the schools and devoting the time which should be employed in teaching the children to courting and riding with the fellows."—This and That.

There are nearly seven million children in the United States, says an educational journal, "who do not know their letters." That is nothing to marvel at. A certain prominent statesman we could name had forgotten his letters until the newspaper recalled them to his memory last summer.—Breckenridge News.

Have tried Tongaline in the case of young lady who was suffering with an acute attack of rheumatic fever; after using four ounces of Tongaline she recovered. I believe Tongaline merits all that has been said in its favor.—B. A. Guyton, Sr., M. D., Sioux City, Iowa.

Bill Rogus Breaks out in a Fresh Place and makes Affidavit to a lot of Inprobabilities.

HUMBERGIN.

Mr. Editor:—I just rite yu this to let yu see I will alive and spect to remain to home the balance uv this sezen and try to take care uv my crap what I've toiled on spun to raze by the sweat uv my brow, so to speak. While I was rustaking to Dawning old Square Blues dratted old razer back saw wer rustaking in my corn patch. And don't yu think she lered to chaw turacker and squirt the juice thru her nose, as any boater. Yu may not believe what I'm gien to tell yu bout this dratted old saw, but that don't make any difference, as I've got livin witnesses. She'd broke off the leaves of the turacker with her foot and leve them to cure a few days and then chaw it. But that wernt her smartest trick yit. The way she got in the field was the most surprisng thing yu ever heard tell of. And I aint gien to ax yu to believe it if yu dont want to, for I wouldnt believe it my self if I hadnt seet it with my own eye. When I got back from outen them whidders' webs to Dawning the saw had bin in every viece. Mallindy and the dorgs sed they had put her out every mornin. Mallindy sed to me ez she "bill sumbody's turack those old saw he here yu aites I no for I've searched for the place she got in at fore or five times and cant find it." Well I tuck a look but didnt find no place so I decided to lay for those saw. So I went back to the field whur the branch is yu no and hid in the cuckle burs to watch. (The burs has cum up mity thick since I hude by the corn.) I hadnt waited long but on afore I heard those old saw grunting long on the hill, side uv the fence. She wernt rarin nor aithin for she nole whur her supper was comin from and wernt concerned a bit. Jist as she got even with me she stopped and seemed to be listenin fur about a minit. Then I herd the leaves kinder shakin in the top uv a tall saplin. She had tuck the end uv a grapevine in her mouth, that she had nawed off and was bakin up the hill side from the fence. When she got as fur back as the vine wood let her go she stopped a minit and peerd to be mity uneasy. Then all at once here she cum down the hill like a frate rane behind time and swung as far as the vine wood let her and jist let go and dropped in the field, ketchin a yer uv corn in her mouth as she dropped. Well sur it beets my time so bad I didnt no what to do. But I put her out and cut the vine off as hi as I cud reach. But Muther sed I werd not tellin what she wood do next to get in and I had better watch the critter. So next evenin I went down at the same place and hid. In about ten minits I herd the old critter comin. Well sur dont yu think she tride climin a hicky bush this time and bendin it over. But the bush was to far from the fence, so she grunted round a few minits and I auld hant seed her since.

Mr. Editure ant there sum kind uv an ism that the spirit uv man enters sum aninil when the man disce. Well sur I me one uv em from this out. And those who work fur a livin and when he died his got went into those saw. This is the rezin I didnt shute the horrible old critter. But hoo noze but what it mite be my ezin Sol Rogus tuck on him the form uv an echo sometimes? And I woodnt hurt him fur all the corn in Humbergin. The way she chawed turacker is one thing kinder makes me think.

Mr. Editure dis look like strange things happens in pairs. And things hard to believe septen yu seen wh yew own eye. Now live no idea yude believe what I me gien to tell yu if we anybody else but me tellin it. Well jist last Friday that Del Henderson an Dick Everett wer down here to see old man Junes' gals and, cum to my house to stay all night. They went to bed in the shed roun uv me. Well yu no Muther alers wood have thirty or forty kats round and there one thunderin big old tom kat that bossed fur yers. So that nite bout seven o'clock the hole possey uv em got in a reglar row and I recken yu never herd sich a noise in yer born days. The boys got up and shot at old Tom fore ur five times. Dell sed he nole hant kill him twice. Then the hole the mune wer a shinin that nite. But dont yu think that kat her here next mornin, as well and harty as he ever was in his life? Next day I told the boys if they wood git him out unboun to muther wede cut his dratted hedde off with the ax, fur he was sich a boss. There was no livin in pece with him by the uther kats. Shore woodnt let him out. Both uv em lowd they alers herd kats had nine lives, so neether uv em wood cut his hed off, so I got em to hold him on a stump and I whacked his hed cleff off, and we left him by an old log kivered over with leaves. But now comes the kurrious part uv the fax. That nite bout twelve we herd the kats squalling and running fur and the dorgs barkin so me and the boys got wite. I've got to exist for this time as sur don't yu think that old tom kat wer sitin on his same old stump with his hed in his fore feet looking round jist as natural. He was a little awkward handlin it and let it drap once. It skeered us so them boys hant bin in these digins since.

Now Mr. Editure yu tell yer reders to ask douter one uv em bout it if they seem to douter the fax in the case. Well I got to exist for this time as sur don't yu think that old tom kat wer sitin on his same old stump with his hed in his fore feet looking round jist as natural. He was a little awkward handlin it and let it drap once. It skeered us so them boys hant bin in these digins since.

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Industrial Progress of Two Weeks.

The Baltimore Manufacturer's Record says that the last two weeks of the last month of summer, despite the usual dullness to be expected, have shown a "remarkable activity in the organization of new industrial enterprises throughout the South. The splendid groups have imparted new life to business, and preparations are being made for a great activity in industrial and trade circles. Among the most important enterprises reported by the Manufacturer's Record during the last two weeks have been: In Alabama a \$300,000 company to build a large elevator storage warehouse and flour mill at Montgomery; a \$20,000 bushel grain elevator, a company to develop a seaport near Mobile, construct a 28-mile railroad, build wharves, &c.; a furniture factory at Calera; carriage factory at Eufulata; sash and door factory at Gadsden; foundry at Selma and foundry and machine shop at Sheffield. In Florida a \$500,000 lumber company, an ice factory at Tampa, and a probably extensive additions to railroad and machine shops at Palatka. In Georgia a cotton seed oil mill at Columbus will double its capacity; at Macon work has commenced on a large fertilizer factory; Atlanta is to have a large piano factory at a reported cost of \$75,000; a carriage factory has been organized at Elberton; a \$200,000 ice factory company at Savannah, and many saw mills, flour mills, gins, &c. Kentucky has at Bellevue a \$200,000 light company; at Greenup a spoke factory is going up; arrangements have been about completed for very extensive coal mining and shipping operations near Cloverport by English capitalists; in Louisville a \$100,000 railroad switch manufactory has been organized at Crittenden, contract let for a large flour mill. In Maryland there is a \$200,000 mining and milling company, a \$50,000 hedge fence company, \$200,000 being put into bottling works, building of a glass factory commenced, soapstone quarries and mill put into operation, three canning factories, a flour mill and a saw mill being built. Mississippi has a \$3,000 canning factory company at Mississippi City, a large canning factory at Hantsborough, and at Grenada a compress is being erected. North Carolina is adding to her tobacco factories by new ones to be built at Winston and Asheville; in Wilmington a \$500,000 creosoting oil manufactory has been organized, and in the mining sections there are important developments. In Tennessee an extensive shoe factory, and possibly two, will be started at Nashville; preparations are being made to build a furniture factory in Maryville; a furniture factory is under construction at Rogersville; a marble quarry is being made near the same place; an ice factory at Clarksville will be doubled in capacity; machine shops and planing mills at Chattanooga will be enlarged; a machine shop is to be started in Nashville, and quite a number of small enterprises throughout the State. In Virginia a \$100,000 company has commenced the development of a granite quarry near Richmond, where from 200 to 1,000 hands will be given employment. The foregoing is merely a condensed summary of a few of the important developments reported in two weeks only by the Manufacturer's Record. It shows something of the activity now prevailing in the establishment of new industries in the South, even during what is usually a dull summer month, and gives promise of what may be expected during the fall and winter.

LOVE'S CRUCIAL TEST.

Herbert Had Care for His Precious Life Rather than His Precious Wife.

(Chicago Ledger.)

"Oh, Herbert, dear, you do not love me! I know it, and the thought will kill me!"
"But, Madge—"
"Why didn't I die before I found it out? Oh, why didn't I die two months ago—yes, before we were married?"
"But, Madge, dear—"
"Don't say that, Herbert, for you don't mean it; I know you don't. Oh, oh! boo-hoo!"
"You'll hear me, Madge! I—"
"Oh, oh! boo-hoo!"
"Madge!"
"Boo-hoo!"
"Precious, what is the matter?"
"You don't love me any more, Herbert! Oh, I know you don't!"
"Yes I do, darling; better than ever."

"No, you don't, Herbert; no, you don't."
"Yes I do, sweet; honor bright, I do!"
"No—no—no!"
"What put this silly notion into your head, little girl?"
"I can tell, Herbert! I've noticed you, and I see that you don't love me one bit any more! Oh, oh! boo-hoo!"
"What does this mean, darling? What have I done, and what have you seen that troubles you so? Tell me at once, or I'll go distracted too!"
"Oh, Herbert, I've watched you—boo-hoo!"
"Watched me! Good heavens! Madge! What does this mean? What are you saying? Speak at once—this suspense is torture!"
"Oh, Herbert! You—you—you—"
"What is it, Madge? In Heaven's name, speak, before I lose my sense. Out with it. What have I done?"
"Oh, Herbert! You don't—you don't!"
"Don't what, darling? For the sake of all that's precious, tell me without losing another minute!"
"You don't eat my bread any more, Herbert! I've watched you, and you haven't even tasted it for two whole days; and I worked so hard to make it, too!"
"Heavens, child! Do you want me to commit suicide?"
"No—no, Herbert; but if you loved me I know you'd eat my bread."

"Love you, Madge! I love you as the growing plant does the sunlight—as water does its level, but life is sweet to me, dearest, and I haven't the courage to take such awful chances. Yes, darling, I love you with a fervor that is frantic; with a passion that is madness without you; but I can't go your bread, my dear, and chance the consequences. Let us put it where the neighbors' cats can

find it, and patronize the baker from this time on, and we can be ever so happy! You're an angel, Madge, did you get to fooling around a flour barrel. Don't do it any more, darling, and you'll always be a cherub."
"But I can't throw it away, Herbert. It's the first I ever made, and I haven't the heart to do it. I know you don't love me, or you'd eat it on that account—boo-hoo!"
"Well, there sis—don't boo-hoo any more, and I'll eat it if it kills me and I feel dead sure it will. But if I outlive this loaf, please don't try it again, if you love me."

Old Age Seeking Relief.

HARTFORD, KY., March 24, 1885.

Dr. John M. Johnson:
Dear Old Friend—Puffs similar to the enclosed (Rev. Jessie H. Campbell's "Two More Important Cases") occur almost weekly in our papers in relation to Swift's Specific. I presume upon your old friendship to inquire of you in relation to it—its curative qualities, price and manner of procuring it. Having lived eighty-three years through the most important part of the world's history, the prospect of dying from cancer on me is not very consoling. Let me hear from you at earliest convenience.

Very truly your old friend,
HARRISON D. TAYLOR.

ATLANTA, GA., March 26, 1885.

Harrison D. Taylor, Hartford, Ky.:
My Dear Friend—Your very highly esteemed favor of the 24th inst., reached me on the 26th. You want information in regard to the celebrated medicine manufactured here, known as S. S. S. I have watched with much care the effect of this medicine upon those who have used it, and am willing testimony to its good results in a great majority of instances. The firm engaged in its manufacture are gentlemen and capitalists, and are far above falsehood or deception as any men in your community. You may confide implicitly in any of their statements touching its utility. You can get it at the drug stores in Louisville, Evansville or even in Owensboro, Ky.

I am sorry for your affliction, but I believe this medicine will cure you if persisted in. I would not stop under one dozen or more large size bottles, which can be secured at reasonable cost.

JOHN M. JOHNSON.

73 Marietta street, Atlanta, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Our Governors.

The following is a carefully prepared list of the Governors of Kentucky from Shelby, the first to Knott, the present incumbent:

Elected.	Served 'till.
Isaac Shelby,	1792 1796
Jas. Garrard,	1796 1800
do	1800 1804
Christopher Greenup,	1804 1808
Chas. Scott,	1808 1812
Isaac Shelby,	1812 1816
John Madison,	1816 1820
Gabriel Slaughter, unexpired term of	Madison.
John Adair,	1820 1824
Joseph Desha,	1824 1828
Tlios. Metcalf,	1828 1832
John Breathitt,	1832 1836
Chas. S. Brantley,	1836 1840
J. T. Morehead,	1840 1844
C. A. Wickliffe,	1844 1848
R. M. Letcher,	1848 1852
William Owsley,	1852 1856
J. J. Crittenden,	1856 1860
J. L. Helm,	1860 1864
L. W. Powell,	1864 1868
C. S. Morehead,	1868 1872
B. Magoffin,	1872 1876
J. F. Robinson, act'g Gov. till	1876 1880
Jas. Bramlette,	1880 1884
J. J. Helm,	1884 1888
J. Proctor Knott,	1888

Pleasant Words from Pleasant Grove.

The place is in Pennsylvania. Mr. Timothy Leek, who lives there was for two years grievously vexed with dyspepsia. He writes to say that since he has taken Brown's Iron Bitters his troubles are over. He is greatly relieved, and recommends this tonic to all who are troubled with dyspepsia or indigestion. It also cures liver and kidney complaints.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

There is a lady in Indiana who confesses that she was born in 1773. The true date of her birth is doubtless to be found somewhere in 1695.—Detroit Free Press.

"Hotel Waiter—"Here's your beef steak with egg, sir." Traveler—"I see the egg, but where's the steak?" Waiter—"It's under the egg, sir!"—Madrid Comico.

A beginner in Latin was asked to translate a sentence which, properly rendered, would have read, "Many recollect of age." But he preferred the free translation, "This honey smells like time."—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes, sir," said the entomologist. "I can tame flies so that when I whistle they will come and alight on my hand." "Pshaw!" said the bald-headed man, "that's nothing. They come and alight on my head without my whistling." The entomologist sat down.—Somerville Journal.

Little girl on a visit to St. Louis: "Oh, mamma, I think this must be heaven." "Do you see, mamma, all the ladies and gentlemen have wings; but they are on the sides of their heads instead of their backs."—Boston Post.

"What is your business?" the Judge asked a drunken tramp who was brought up on Saturday. "Well, I've been in an office," was the answer. "Why don't you try and get into an office again instead of tramping around the country?" "Because I haven't the necessary tools," said the tramp.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Simpkins of the *Engle* was down in the month yesterday—a very unusual thing for him. "What's the matter, Simpkins?" asked the city editor. "Boss been raking you down?" "Yes," says I "don't know nothing." "Had you anything to say for yourself?" "I asked him how the deuce he could tell."—Boston Post.

REMOVAL

—OF—

JNO. T. WRIGHT!

—THE—

MAIN STREET CLOTHIER!

—HE HAS REMOVED HIS—

MAMMOTH STOCK

—OF—

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc.,

To the Room Occupied by

GEO. O. THOMPSON'S FURNITURE STORE,

EAST SIDE MAIN STREET,

where he will still continue to sell all goods in his line at

Astonishingly Low Figures.

—HE KEEPS A—

Full Line Of Samples On Hand

—AND—

MAKE SUITS TO ORDER.

Don't fail to call on him in his new quarters.

(mar 20-15.)

HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE,

PROPRIETORS—

PEOPLES TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,

RAILROAD STREET, — HOPKINSVILLE

FRONTING TOBACCO EXCHANGE, — CLARKSVILLE, TENN

W. E. RAGSDALE, Salesman, Hopkinsville. | T. R. HANCOCK, Salesman, Clarksville, Tenn.

Liberal Advances on Consignments.

All Tobacco Insured unless otherwise instructed.

Sept 20-15

Pomroy's Liver Cure.

—THE GREAT REMEDY FOR—

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

SOLD AT GAITHER'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE.

POMROY'S VERMIFUGE

—IS SAFE AND SURE—

<

PERSONAL.

It is only once in a while that the South Kentuckian lays aside its characteristic modesty long enough to talk to the public about its own affairs. The last week, however, has marked an event in its history of sufficient importance to justify a few words upon the subject of self. On last Friday we moved our office into our new building, just completed and designed especially for our permanent occupancy. For seven years the South Kentuckian has been appearing as a candidate for public favor. Its publishers have labored earnestly and unceasingly to make it a paper such as Hopkinsville had never had before; one that would give all the local news, fresh, reliable and at a very reasonable price. Step by step the paper advanced from a weekly printed on an old hand-press at \$2.00 a year, to a live, newswy semi-weekly printed with the best of material on a power press, at the same price originally charged for the weekly.

We have gradually improved the office until we now have, we believe, the best equipped publishing and job printing office in Western Kentucky. Our facilities for doing book and pamphlet work, fine job printing and in fact all classes of work in our line are unequalled by any house in this or surrounding counties. As stated above we are now located in our new office on Nashville street, where we will be pleased to see and serve our friends and the rest of mankind.

Our new building is a two-story brick structure, with high ceilings and an abundance of light and ventilation on three sides. It is divided into five rooms, four of which we occupy. The building is 38 by 27 feet and we believe that we do not make an idle boast when we say that we have the best arranged office in Kentucky, outside of Louisville. On the first floor a store-room 60 feet long is cut off in front and the room in the rear, 25x25 feet, is occupied as our press room, with steps leading to the composing room above. The second story is divided into a composing room, 60x25 feet, and a suite of rooms in front, for business office and editorial room. These rooms are communicated with by broad stairways at each end of the building and no effort has been spared to finish and furnish the rooms in a style becoming a first-class newspaper. We cordially invite any and all of our friends to call on us in our new quarters and we will show to them that we have painted on our wheel-house, "Come To Stay."

One more word: The South Kentuckian intends to maintain its reputation as the best newspaper ever published in the county. We flatter ourselves that we are the pioneers in meeting the demands of this section for fresh, and at the same time cheap news and we intend to meet every demand of the section in which our paper circulates. We publish a paper for "revenue only" and not for glory and it is not our purpose to build air-castles, or rush headlong into schemes that are not approved by our judgment, but we promise the reading public of Christian and adjacent counties to meet every demand for fresher news. We desire to return our fervent thanks for the kind and generous favors extended to us in the past and we shall endeavor to merit a continued and increased endorsement from the public in the years to come.

President Cleveland has purchased of a Philadelphia man a span of Kentucky Hambletonian horses for \$5,000.

The Williamsburg Times, speaking of the law taxing bachelors recently passed in Georgia says that if Williamsburg had such a law it could macadamize all its streets and bridge the Cumberland river with one year's revenue.

Sylvester and Henry Polk, two murderers who killed an old German peddler in Howard county, Ark., were roasted alive in their cell in the jail at Murfreesboro, Ark., on the night of Sept. 7th. A mob undertook to get them out, but finding they could not break into the cell, they proceeded to burn the new \$6,000 jail and stood by until the poor devils had been burned to death, and then after congratulating each other dispersed.

We don't like the idea of running a man at this late day on his war record. That is what the advocates of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner are doing. He is an old gentleman, but sentimentality can not make a good governor of him. We have tried that several times and have always failed to get what we wanted. Gen. Buckner has the respect of the people of Kentucky and the best way for him to keep it is to stay out of gubernatorial politics. Elect him governor and he will make another Dr. Blackburn in a different sort of way, and will come down from his seat with the dislike of a majority of the people of Kentucky. We need a live, progressive young man for governor and the sooner we stop putting up barnacles the better it will be for us. The Owensboro Messenger objects to Jim McKenzie on account of the fact that it will kill his chances for everything else in the future. That is James' business if he is willing to risk it. Jeemes would make a very fair governor, though there is a little too much politician in him to suit all round.—Breckenridge News.

Captain Wm. E. Grubbs has relieved Mr. Murphy as Superintendent of the Public Building at this place. We have assurance that Captain Grubbs is a competent builder and architect, who will permit no grass to grow under his feet, and who will complete the building in a workmanlike and expeditious manner. He has had much experience in architecture, and is spoken of in the highest terms by those who know him.—Frankfor Yeoman.

Then why was it that prominent Democrats of Frankfort preferred the foul-mouthed Murphy to so capable and reputable a Democrat? Down in this neck of the woods we never have gotten into the "true inwardness" of the thing.

Fire at Dawson.

Dawson, Ky., Sept. 13.—A fire broke out here last night about 11:30 in the cook-room of the Dawson Springs hotel, which was located just opposite the depot. The result was the burning of eleven houses, namely: One dwelling house and one dry goods store owned by Wm. Rice, loss estimated at about \$3,000; one unoccupied dwelling owned by Dr. Bailey, loss estimated at \$1,000; one bar-room owned by Wm. Bryant, loss estimated at \$2,000; J. G. Williams' dry goods store and about one-third of the stock, loss estimated at \$2,000; The Dawson Springs hotel, belonging to Laffoon, Roberts & Co., loss estimated at \$3,000; goods therein, belonging to Mrs. Snell, \$300; Hamby House, occupied by Mr. Roberts, loss estimated at \$1,200. The total insurance is estimated at about \$3,000.

Sells Bros' Enormous Railroad Shows Now United Into One Vast Amusement Confederation—The Largest Show In The World.

Anticipation has now not long to wait, for this largest among the traveling exhibitions will spread its myriad yards of canvas at Hopkinsville on Wednesday Sept. 30.

The management proves its pledges and sustains its promises by editorial guarantees, whose weight and value none can fail to appreciate and respect. The great journals of the Union testify with the most unambiguous accord to its integrity in strictly keeping every advertised promise, and even during last season, when the consolidation was only partially effected, the press was loud in its praise, as being the most attractive and creditable exhibition on the road. Exhibiting both in Milwaukee and Chicago for a week, the press of those cities had ample time to pass on its merits, and their notices were highly enlogistic.

We are again informed by the Chicago newspapers that Carter Harrison is the Mayor of that city "by grace of fraud and technicalities." In a court of justice in the rural districts, a young lawyer, who had annoyed the Court by his frequent objections to the course pursued by the opposing counsel, arose to make his final appeal the jury. The Court looking sternly at him said: "Look a'here, Mr. Jenkins, if you have anything to say, go along and say it straight. This here court aint a'gon to put up with any more of your d-n technicalities and you'd jest as well understand it." The Chicago people may profit by the wise old Squire's philosophy.—Lou Times.

Ex-President Hayes, who refitted and refurnished his poultry yard with a part of Mr. Tilden's salary, will not be permitted to rear chickens in peace. Some malicious scribbler has started the report that he has contributed a setting of eggs to forward the chances of Foraker as the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio. It can be safely branded as a "campaign lie." The reputation of Mr. Hayes will justify any lover of truth in branding the story as totally false. Mr. Hayes knows the market value of eggs as well as any man in Ohio, and like the prudent business man that he is, he lets them go only for the cash.—Georgetown Times.

A marked copy of the Frankfort Roundabout containing a lengthy defense of D. A. Murphy, who has been fired out of the position of Superintendent of the Public Building now being erected at Frankfort, has been received at this office. The South Kentuckian heartily endorses Murphy's removal and he is "wasting his sweetness" in sending us marked papers. For our part we can't see how Murphy could have the gall and impudence to hold office for a single day under an administration that he had vilified, slandered and abused in advance. If he had possessed the self-respect of a decent man he would have resigned his office without being kicked out.

Louisville, Sept. 11.—The finest hoghead of Burley tobacco in Kentucky has been secured for public sale at the tobacco celebration of Sept. 17 as the 100,000th hoghead sold in Louisville this year. The name of the manufacturer who buy it and the name of the brand into which it is to be worked will be published broadcast.

The Louisville Democrat may add the South Kentuckian to its list of Kentucky newspapers in favor of calling a sovereignty convention to revise the constitution of the State.

Sam Seales, the negro who ravished little Ora Lunsford, in Boone county a few days before, was taken from the jail at Burlington Thursday night and hanged by a mob.

M. T. Craft will start a new Democratic paper at London, Laurel county this week, to be called the Leader.

—THE—
21st
ANNUAL MEETING
—OF THE—
Christian County
Agricultural
AND
Mechanical
ASSOCIATION
WILL BE HELD ON THEIR
GROUNDS, NEAR THE
City of Hopkinsville,
—ON THE—
1, 2 and 3 days
—OF—
OCTOBER, '85.

The Premium Lists are now ready for circulation, and all desiring to contend for premiums will please call at the office of Secretary or on the President or Directors, and obtain them for free distribution among their friends.

The directory in giving their personal time and attention to this

COUNTY ENTERPRISE,

have a right to expect and do expect the co-operation of all the citizens of Christian, whether stock-holders or not in their efforts to build up and sustain this institution which has so greatly contributed to foster a spirit of rivalry among our farmers and stock raisers, and has elevated the standard of Agricultural and Mechanical pursuits.

THE CHRISTIAN COUNTY A. & M. A.,

now in its 21st year, since its re-organization, points with pride to the fact that while other like societies have failed and been abandoned, she has kept the even tenor of her way, and has never failed or refused to pay all the premiums awarded. This she has been able to do, because the people have turned out and have made our meetings the day for an Annual Re-union of families and friends, but if the people fail to patronize us then we cannot pay, as we must rely on our gate receipts to meet the demands upon us.

THERE WILL BE AWARDED
IN THE SPEED RINGS
THE SUM OF

\$1000 IN CASH.

All runs will be best 3 in 5, except such as in 1/2 mile heats.

—THERE WILL BE A—

Fine Band of Music

in the Amphitheatre to perform during the three days of the meeting, and refreshments of all kinds as usual will be on the grounds.

The entire premium list this year will be paid by the Treasurer in

CASH!

We hope we will not appeal in vain to the people of the county for their countenance and support. The President and Directors have given their time and attention to this work without fee or reward, the office of President or director is not a desirable one, and they think they may therefore appeal to the whole community, both city and county to give their hearty aid and help to make this the grandest meeting and most enjoyable occasion we have had for 21 years.

Very Respectfully,

C. F. JARRETT, Pres.

Dr. B. S. WOOD,
GEO. W. MEANS,
C. D. BELL,
Dr. J. C. WHITLOCK,
H. H. ABERNATHY,
THOS. L. GRAHAM,

W. J. WITHERS, Marshal.

W. W. MOFFATSON, Sec. and Treas.

A Cosmopolitan Colossean Confederated Creation.

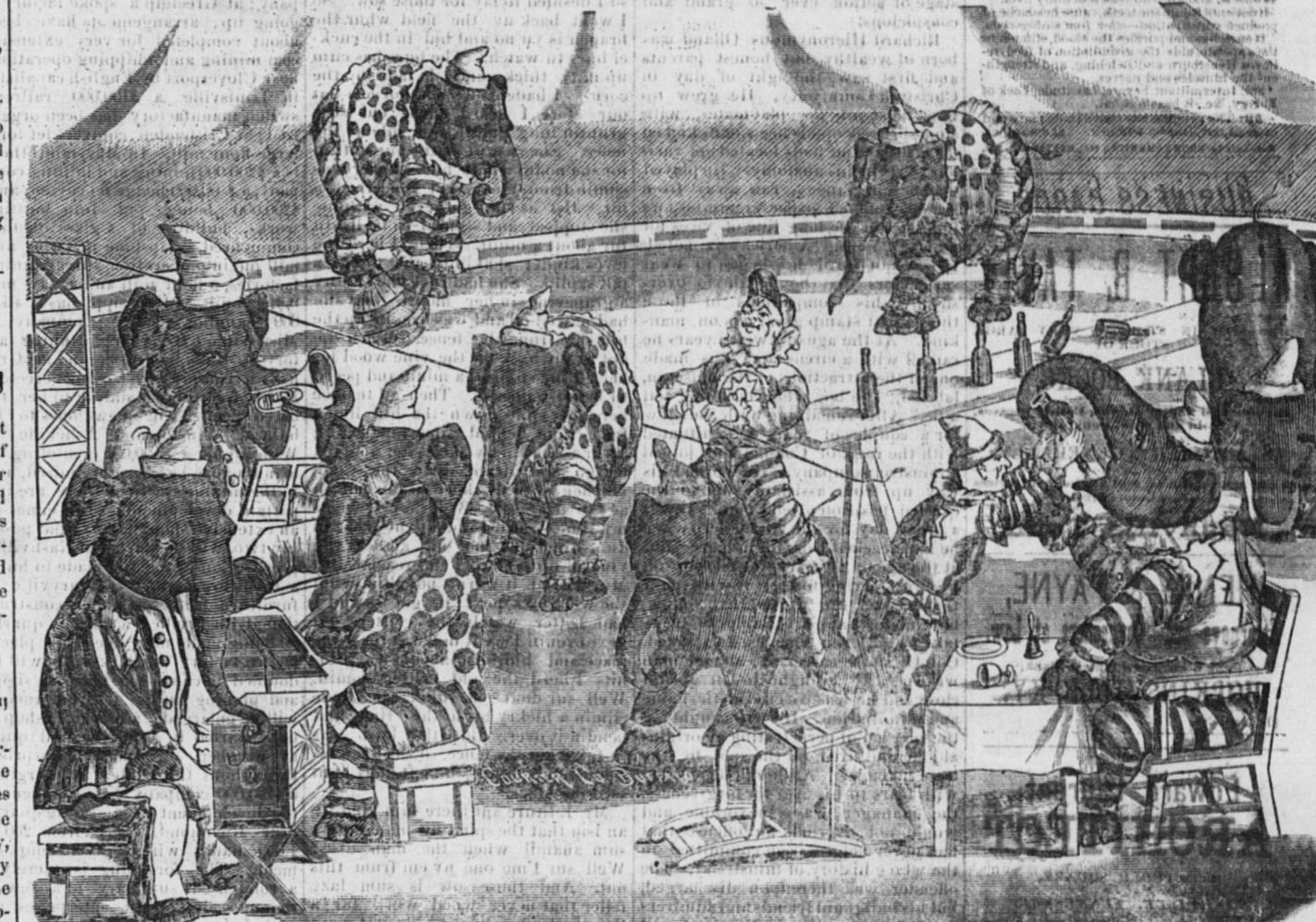
A Prolific Procreation of the
WORLD'S WONDERS.

Immediately and Monstrously
Predominant.
Particularly, Remarkably and
NOTABLY COMPLETE.

SELLS BROTHERS'
Monster Railroad Shows

Now all United in one Vast Unified Confederation.

The Largest Show in the World Will Exhibit at
Hopkinsville, - Ky.,
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30.



In all its towering and overpowering greatness, it is coming on its own GREAT TRAINS, and is drawn by its OWN LOCOMOTIVES, with its Regiment of ARTISTS AND ARTISANS, and its GREAT CITY OF CANVAS. A whole world of wonders never before exhibited. Greater than the Greatest! Larger than the Largest! Better than the Best! With a thousand New, Wonderful and Attractive Features to be seen with no other show or shows under heaven's sweeping canopy.

Its size is so great, its influence so all-prevailing, that every railroad makes SPECIAL excursion rates to each performance.

It Comes with the Laurel-crowned Legion of two Hemispheres.

200 Surprising and Astonishing Stars. 200

Of which we name a few at random, being confined for space.

Senor Don Jerenimo Bell,

The Greatest 4-horse Rider of any Age or Country.

Mlle Adelaide Cordona,

The Famous Andalusian Artiste, whose equal does not live. The Greatest

Lady Bareback Rider ever beheld.

The Great STIRK FAMILY

of superlative Cyclists on the the Unicycle and Bicycle.

MR. WILLIAM SELLS,

The Flying 7-horse Equestrian Champion.

OUR MONSTER ALL-INCLUDING WORLD'S MENAGERIE

Containing every animal known to man, and made world-famous by the Only Living Pair of Huge Hippopotam never beheld in Captivity. A Monster Male and a Mammoth Female

HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The true Behemoth immortalized by the inspired writings of Holy Job.

El Mahdi and Egypta

—OUR SABLE-MANED SOUDANESE LIONS. THE FINEST ANIMALS OF THEIR KIND ON EARTH.

AFRICO AND EBON OUR COAL-BLACK TIGERS. THE ONLY EBON-HUED FELINES EVER SEEN.

ON EXHIBITION IN AMERICA. AND POSITIVELY THE ONLY GRAND GRACEFUL AND TOWERING RHINOCEROS

GIRAFFES on EXHIBITION in the Whole World.

Ten Teams of Elephants in Sills, and Silver Harness, gaily comparisoned, drawing Ten Golden Chariots. Elephants in Harness, Elephants building

Pyramids, Elephants at Drill.

Herds of Camels,

Herds of Elands,

Droves of Bisons,

Herds of Giraffes,

Dens of Arabian Lions,

Dens of Leopards,

Herds of Dromedaries,

Drove of Trained Horses,

Lairs of Crocodiles,

Lairs of Alligators,

Host of Heaven-Soaring Birds,

A Far-Away Western Wilderness Show.

Showing customs, costumes, trails and character of North American Indians, Scouts, Cowboys and Frontiersmen by genuine representations of the classes named. A full and complete Japanese Circus and the Greatest Arabian Circus ever beheld.

A scene of showy splendor, on the highway shown. Dens by the score of wild animals open on the streets. Twelve bands of music. Harnessed Elephants, Camels, Elks, Dromedaries and Zebras. The Grandest Street Procession ever witnessed.

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

CLUB LIST.

We will furnish the following papers and periodicals with the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN at the following cheap rates:

Daily Courier-Journal	\$12.50
Weekly Courier-Journal	\$3.25
Louisville Commercial	3.00
Farmers Home Journal	4.35
Person's Magazine	3.00
Gleason's Lady's Book	3.00
New York Weekly Sun	3.10
Daily N. Y. World	1.50
Saint-Weekly	2.75
Weekly	2.50
Littell's Living Age	2.50
Toll-free	2.00

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch one time, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$9.00; twelve months, \$15.00.
Two inch one time, \$2.00; one week, \$3.00; six months, \$18.00; twelve months, \$30.00.
For further information apply for card of rates.

HAS IT NEVER BEEN KNOWN?

Has it never been known—
A maid fair, with a ring of gold?
Eyes tender and true, as violets blue,
And a lover, who is all her own?
Has it never been known—
A tale that is told, with a ring of gold?
Love's springtime and kiss, with a dream of blue,
Like a bird that is down?
Has it never been known—
A fair girl in white, as from realm of light,
New fashions, and pale, with a bridal veil,
And the man no longer alone?
Has it never been known—
A wife gentle and good in her womanhood;
Love's coronal worn, and love's scepter borne,
Like a queen on her throne?
Has it never been known—
—Ben. J. L. Rankin, N. Y. Independent.

TRAMPS.

How Stranded Graduates Live Without Money.

Sketches from the Front—Give Me Two Bits—Progress and Poverty—Horace Greeley's Motto—Want of Capital.

"Beg your pardon, sir, can you let me have two bits? I want to get a night's lodging."

It was outside the door of a brightly lighted all-night saloon on San Antonio street that your correspondent was stopped by this abrupt salutation. The moonlight effulgence of the numerous electric lights would have made a pin on the sidewalk visible, and gave him ample time to take stock of the supplicant. A slightly built man of about thirty, dressed in an old and glossy suit of black, that, to use the commonplace, had "seen better days." A face that spoke of culture and refinement, albeit brutalized by piggyish bristles and rendered coarse by over-indulgence in strong drink. The old black diagonal coat was buttoned up close to the chin, as though to hide the dirty linen beneath, and a worn slouch hat formed his headgear. It was in such a state of dilapidation as to recall the ballad of Paddy McFadden, who was

"—grassy and fat,
And the hair of his head
It stuck out through his hat."

Such was the ensemble of the man who came West to the boundary of two republics, to hold out his hand to the passing stranger and beg two bits for his night's lodging. Drowning men, who have been rescued, tell us that in the few moments that elapsed between rescue of pain and absolute oblivion, their whole lives seem to pass in review before them, and as my fingers sought the coveted twenty-five cents, so seemed to pass through my mind sad thoughts of the increase of misery and poverty the wide world over.

Poverty, I think, is the greatest cosmopolitan. I have seen it chased, as a crime from the streets of our great cities in the United States; I have seen it selling its miserable match boxes (containing matches that never would or could light), as an excuse to escape police persecution in the London streets; I have seen it picking up the garbage around the Halles Centre in Paris, sending its brass babies on the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, and yet more recently blocking the entrance to the Cathedral of Chihuahua. But surely, I thought, this Southwest that is always asking for immigrants ought not to have healthy men round the streets of her town asking for alms. In this connection, should remark that this application for "two bits" was only one of a dozen to which the visitor to El Paso is subjected nightly, and that the only cure the authorities seem to have for the evil is to round up the poor devils like cattle and drive them out of town with a force of mounted officers.

I thought I would interview the man who wanted two bits for a bed, and so dropping half a dollar into his outstretched palm I asked him to take a drink. Seated beside a warm stove and under the influence of a "hot Scotch," my tramp became quite communicative and required little urging on the part of the interviewer to unburden his tongue.

"I suppose you're going to commence with the usual cant about why don't I go to work and the rest of it," he commenced. "To hear you fellows talk about industry and energy, one would imagine that all a fellow had to do was to go right into the first store and ask for a job to get it. Well, you just try it and you'll find that your industry is not wanted and your energy is wasted on the desert air."

"But I'd imagine," broke in your correspondent, "that a man with some culture, education and address would sooner or later drop into something good and keep it, without much trouble. You seem to be that kind of a man."

"Well, sir, if instead of being a college graduate I had been a graduate from a carpenter's bench or a blacksmith's shop, I would not have been begging from you to-night. The only man who has any solid guarantee against starvation to-day is the mechanic. The land is overworked with colleges and universities of all kinds graduating young men who are absolutely worthless at best and precious little use anywhere. There are so many young men who can do nothing but clerk that there are five hundred for every ordinary good man on earth. This holds true of professions generally, all of which are full to overflowing. About two years ago I had a good situation in a store in Tucson, but owing to dull times I got let out. I had a mule money, but I started for Silver City, but found nothing. I tried Denning with the same result, and then I came to Valley. My money had given out and

I was glad of any job. I tried to get on as surface laborer at the Sierra Grande mines, but there were hundreds of strong, able laborers who, of course, cut me out. Men who employ laborers always select the strongest men they can get, a fact that the fellows who, like me, repeat Horace Greeley's cry 'Go West, young man, go West,' seem to entirely ignore. From Lake Valley to here I beat my way over the Santa Fe line, and I have now been in El Paso about three weeks.

"How have you managed to live?"

"Oh, it's wonderful how little a man can live on when he's forced to it! Look at these fellows up in the Arctic, how they rot along on their seal-skin pants for months before they took to cannibalism. I don't suppose that I ever suffered as badly as these men did, but I have known what it is to be without food for two days. But I'll tell you how I have managed to live. I peddle pencils round the saloons, and young fellows often give me ten cents and refuse to take a kind of in which they are sensible, as they are the poorest and cheapest I could get in the town. They very often ask me to have a drink. I suppose I'm often asked to take a drink a dozen times in a day. It never struck me as strange that a dozen men will ask you to have a drink and not one will ask you to have a square meal, though starvation looks out of your very eyes. With the pencil racket a fellow can make two bits or perhaps thirty cents a day, and this is how he lives on. He buys a loaf of bread for five cents in the morning and eats half of it. He then goes into one of those cheap chop stands of which there are three in El Paso, and gets a bowl of chili con carne. It is a Mexican dish, and is a great stimulant to the weak stomach, and is a kind of meat is used in the commonest stuff that sells in the butcher's stall for about six cents a pound. A bowl of this stuff costs ten cents. The evening you can take another bowl for supper. Days when I make a little more money I take some Irish stew instead of the chili con carne. It costs fifteen cents."

"How about beds?"

"Well, I've got a blanket, and there are always empty box cars lying on the railroad track, into which I creep and sleep until morning. The last few nights, though, it has been so cold that I couldn't go it, and that's the reason I strayed out to-night."

"The American laborer has not much show here," queried the writer after a pause.

"No. He is too close to old Mexico, and Mexican cheap labor affects him just as Chinese cheap labor affected him in California. No white man can work for Mexican wages, and as the supply of Mexican labor right at their doors is almost inexhaustible, contractors naturally give it the preference; hence the vast number of old men you see hanging round the street corners. To give you an idea how cheap Mexican labor is, the Mexican Central Railroad found it actually more profitable to employ Mexicans by the thousand than to use labor-saving machinery in making the road bed south of Chihuahua. Twenty cents a day was big pay for them, and they actually carried the dirt in baskets on their heads to construct the dumps."

"These wretched Mexicans only get seventy-five cents a day and ordinary miners fifty cents. That is what the Corralitos Mining Company, which is considered a liberal outfit, is paying No. six; the Southwest frontier is no place for a poor man, and the Republic of Mexico is still worse. Mexico is one of the best countries in the world to live out of, and don't you forget it."

"Another curse to this place!" continued the frontier tramp. "You're 1,200 miles from anywhere—I mean from any large city. It is about that distance from St. Louis, to Chicago, to San Francisco, or to the City of Mexico. You are at the extremely small hub of a mighty big wheel, and you're forever crying, with Sterne's starling: 'I can't get out. I can't get out.' Not that El Paso is a bad place if a man is a genuine bum, devoid of shame or the remnant of self respect. Such men can pick up the grub all the time and get some odd cental to sleep in, and the climate is splendid; but men like myself, sir, who have seen better days and can hardly see worse, it is we who suffer. Drop into the all-night saloons on El Paso Street and see the poor fellows who sleep in chairs, hugging the stove to keep their feeble blood in circulation, and if you won't think it must have been in a vein of irony that old Greeley exclaimed: 'Go West, young man, go West,' I shall be greatly mistaken."

"What do you think is the reason that the West and Southwest are getting as bad as the old, worn-out East?"

"Railroads, sir, railroads. They bring in a hundred poor men for the one man with capital. In the old days when it took a small fortune to cross the plains, though all were not rich, every man was comfortable. What the Southwest wants, sir, is less labor and more capital."

"Has an invasion on the part of freight 'erows' on the Y. & P. brought the interview to an abrupt close—El Paso (Tex.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

NO SQUARING.

A Partner in a Theater Who Wanted the Orchestra to Earn Their Money.

Once upon a time, as fairy stories commence, Colonel Wood, of Chicago, the museum man, took in as partner in his theater a native from Arkansas, who thought the business would just suit him, although he knew no more about museums or theaters than a dog knows about Chootaw.

The evening of the day the bargain was concluded the new partner attended the performance, for the first time in his life, selecting a seat in the parquette, close to the orchestra. His attention was divided between the play and the operations of the orchestra, the latter preying getting the lion's share. It was noticed by Mr. Wood, who was also present, that when watching the musicians he would frown and crocheted his brow, and work his jaws on his quid of natural leaf more vigorously than usual.

The next morning he met the leader of the orchestra (a Frenchman), and accosted him:

"See here, pardner, now that I've got a right to chip in when I see anything goin' wrong about this theater, havin' bought an interest in it, I'd like to ask you why you hev such a lot of chumps in the music box with you?"

"Chumps?" said the astonished leader, "ma foi, what is zat sure? I don't know him."

"Why, sticks, to be sure; fellows who eether don't know their business or are playing off on you."

"Mon Dieu, c'est impossible," replied the Frenchman, "we have ze best orchestra in Chicago; absolute perfection!"

"Oh, come off, now; you can't fool me if I run from Arkansas. I watched your fellows last night, and you didn't; our big was turned to most on 'em. It's a Mary Ann fact that they didn't play more'n a half the time. Why, that feller who blows the long horn that always in and out was foolin' with his instrument nearly all the evenin'; the old fogey who pertended to play the fiddle only chipped in about every five minutes; the Dutchman who run the drums didn't hit the big one but twice to my ear."

"I know; I know; the fiddlers all

sojered more or less, and in fact the whole caboodle acted just as though they thought it didn't make much difference whether they played most of the time or not. Even you, yourself, foold a good deal, swingin' your fiddle bow around inst'ed of gettin' all you could outen your catgut."

"But, me chur Major, you seem not to comprehend. Ve haf to play just as ze music is written. Ze great teach, Olebach and othairs mistakes of ze different instruments all through ze piece, and we haf strictly to follow 'em."

"You do, eh?" said the stubborn Major; "well, we'll have to reform here. I hain't been brung up on a plantation for nothin'. Why, sir, hef the wab I used to run over a hundred niggers, and you fellows did more 'sojirin' last evenin' than the whole gang of em'd do in a week. Say, you got a thunderin' salary, and probably consider yourself way up in music, don't you, now?"

Leadership was a shrug: "Out, I'm a captain of my salary; he is very good; but I haf, vat you call it?—reputa-come: I haf compose ze several pieces music myself vich haf been ze grand success."

"Oh, you hey, hev you? Well, I'll tell you what I want you to do. You'll ask you to have a drink and not one will ask you to have a square meal, though starvation looks out of your very eyes. With the pencil racket a fellow can make two bits or perhaps thirty cents a day, and this is how he lives on. He buys a loaf of bread for five cents in the morning and eats half of it. He then goes into one of those cheap chop stands of which there are three in El Paso, and gets a bowl of chili con carne. It is a Mexican dish, and is a great stimulant to the weak stomach, and is a kind of meat is used in the commonest stuff that sells in the butcher's stall for about six cents a pound. A bowl of this stuff costs ten cents. The evening you can take another bowl for supper. Days when I make a little more money I take some Irish stew instead of the chili con carne. It costs fifteen cents."

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"Another curse to this place!" continued the frontier tramp. "You're 1,200 miles from anywhere—I mean from any large city. It is about that distance from St. Louis, to Chicago, to San Francisco, or to the City of Mexico. You are at the extremely small hub of a mighty big wheel, and you're forever crying, with Sterne's starling: 'I can't get out. I can't get out.' Not that El Paso is a bad place if a man is a genuine bum, devoid of shame or the remnant of self respect. Such men can pick up the grub all the time and get some odd cental to sleep in, and the climate is splendid; but men like myself, sir, who have seen better days and can hardly see worse, it is we who suffer. Drop into the all-night saloons on El Paso Street and see the poor fellows who sleep in chairs, hugging the stove to keep their feeble blood in circulation, and if you won't think it must have been in a vein of irony that old Greeley exclaimed: 'Go West, young man, go West,' I shall be greatly mistaken."

"What do you think is the reason that the West and Southwest are getting as bad as the old, worn-out East?"

"Railroads, sir, railroads. They bring in a hundred poor men for the one man with capital. In the old days when it took a small fortune to cross the plains, though all were not rich, every man was comfortable. What the Southwest wants, sir, is less labor and more capital."

"Has an invasion on the part of freight 'erows' on the Y. & P. brought the interview to an abrupt close—El Paso (Tex.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

"The American laborer has not much show here," queried the writer after a pause.

"No. He is too close to old Mexico, and Mexican cheap labor affects him just as Chinese cheap labor affected him in California. No white man can work for Mexican wages, and as the supply of Mexican labor right at their doors is almost inexhaustible, contractors naturally give it the preference; hence the vast number of old men you see hanging round the street corners. To give you an idea how cheap Mexican labor is, the Mexican Central Railroad found it actually more profitable to employ Mexicans by the thousand than to use labor-saving machinery in making the road bed south of Chihuahua. Twenty cents a day was big pay for them, and they actually carried the dirt in baskets on their heads to construct the dumps."

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

"The late Thaddeus Stevens never passed a pin without picking it up. At a recent election for town officers in Smithtown, L. I., there were five Smiths on the Republican ticket."

"The richest man in Portland, Ore., began life by buying a calfskin on credit, tanning it, and selling it for ten dollars."

"The son of the slain Barrios, who has been a student in West Point, goes to his Guatemala home to avenge the death of his father—N. Y. Herald."

"Miss Fanny Mills, who lives on a farm near St. Thomas, Pa., has feet eighteen inches long. She is only twenty-two years old.—Pittsburgh Post."

"Calvin Bright, who died in Spartanburg County, South Carolina, the other day, was a lunatic, and had been confined by his family in a small cabin since 1858."

"President James Buchanan's house at Lancaster, Pa., has been kept in almost exactly the same condition in which it was left by him at the time of his death.—Philadelphia Press."

"Miss Maggie Mitchell has produced in Boston, at the Park Theater, a new play written for her by Mr. Fred Williams, entitled 'Maggie, the Midget.' It was well received.—Boston Herald."

"Miss Addie Kurtz is the Deputy Sheriff of Franklin County, Pa., and recently escorted seven male prisoners from the county jail to the penitentiary at Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Times."

"It is not generally known that C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, can enter a car at Newport News, Va., on the Atlantic coast, and ride all the way to San Francisco, on the Pacific, on his own rails."

"Among the bridal gifts at a wedding in Middleton, N. Y., recently, was a tidy maid of silk and antique lace, the former being part of a dress worn at a party given in honor of Washington, at New London, Conn."

"Jay Gould has twenty-seven telegraph instruments in his office. Sitting at his desk he can be put in communication with any place that is reached by a wire of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Therefore the managers of his properties are always accessible, no matter where they may be.—N. Y. Mail."

"The late Sir Harry Parkes, British Minister at Peking, was once in a quandary as to what to do with a Chinese. He showed no fear, but in reply said: 'Very well; but when you have out of my head the Queen will send me any soldier as there are no soldiers on my head to avenge my death.' He was put in the cage and became the place of execution, and then at last escaped."

"Ex-United States Senator Nevins, of Oregon, after about six months' confinement in an insane asylum as a hopeless patient, is now reported to be regaining health, with good prospect of entire recovery. He used to live on a huge and productive wheat farm on the Willamette, and on several occasions when his neighbors were in distress through loss of their crops he invited them to come and fill their wagons at his overflowing granaries without money and without price.—San Francisco Chronicle."

"For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was considered a crime deserving death, according to an old law in England, which remained in force for sixty years. The poor man might not change his master at his will or wander from place to place. If out of employment, he was to be sold, he might be demanded for work by any master of the 'craft' to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear or hand or foot, through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon."

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Missouri, Colorado, California or Any of the Western States?

If you should avail yourself of the advantages that are now offered by the Kansas City Route, you will only find it a pleasure to go to the South, West and Northwest. This line runs its entire trains, with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and free Reclining Chair Cars, from Memphis to Kansas City, saving many hours time over any other route. If you are going you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this Short Route; mailed free.

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A PURE FAMILY MEDICINE THAT NEVER INTOXICATES.
If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain and nervous prostration, or if you are a student, or if you are a woman with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S TONIC.
If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S TONIC.

Damages in Both Ways.
Sickness is the most expensive thing in the world. It costs the most money. It puts a man to a direct cost, and prevents him from earning money by his labor. We say nothing of suffering, for the money cannot pay for that. How much better to keep oneself well by the use of Parker's Tonic whenever there is the slightest sign of ill health.

Sam Scales, col. aged 18, raped a six-year-old daughter of Mr. Lumford, near Walton, Boone county, last Saturday. He was arrested and hurried away to Burlington to escape a lynching party.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." Use. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Bucha-Palms."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, etc. Druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, gnats, chinchillas, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." Use.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotency, Sexual Debility.

"Rough on Rats."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. Use "Rough on Rats" Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.